PRICE FIVE CENTS.



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26 and 28 East Washington Street.



We'll sell all this week, Mon-

day to Saturday, inclusive . . .

Of various cloths-Imported career was thickly shadowed. I shall not Meltons, Scotch Mixtures, Vicunas, Thibets, black and fancy of the funniest jokes he ever told had to Cheviots, English Tweeds, plain and fancy Cassimeres. The suits are well tailored. We guarantee a good fit. of torture, except that it was run by steam This is our

Surprise Special No. 12

And we'll round off the first husk from the cylinders. He was horribly tion to his railroad fare—and this is a very dozen of these notable offerings with a great sale.

Lots of good things in Hats and Furnishings, too. See them.



THE THRESHING MACHINE MAN.

er in a mean, sordid manner. The usage of his time and calling impelled him to swear were always purely perfunctory and delivered in a kind, cheery way, which endeared him to all. When he lay tossing in delirium upon his death bed, after the accident, world of gentle, pleading protestation in his

He was a deservedly popular man. When an accident happened to his thresher, such | monotonous refrain. Thence, for hours toas the breaking of cylinder teeth or the re- gether, the threshing machine man urged peated clogging of the straw-stacker, in- his horses on, calling their names, expressed stead of losing his temper, he always broke in every key, while the whip swished and in with a joke or a good-humored story. I snapped about their drooping ears like a funny, but his manner of telling them cer- naled him to stop. It is not an easy task to tainly was. He had a grotesque way of bring half a score of horses moving unitalking out of one corner of his mouth, re- formly in a circle to a standstill. To a novserving the other for exclusive purposes of expectoration, and he never laughed at his threshing machine man understood his own jokes, but, with a sudden ludicrous elevation of the eye-brows, peered rapidly having failed to ca ch the point, seemed to respond but half-heartedly, a second look and a gentle dig in the ribs always sufficed | thing was done. Every horse stopped and to set the laggard off with a guffaw. In fact, the threshing machine man seemed to not laugh at his own bon-mots, none was so vociferous as he in laughing at the jokes | red, and varnished and polished like a of others, and I fancy this pleasant trait had something to do with his great popu-

It was a position of dignity and responsi- of the engine filled the land thereafter and

bility in those days, necessitating a dexterous hand and an especially strong voice. Indeed, its duties were very largely of a No jolly miller was ever better natured vocal nature and required an extensive than the threshing machine man. Through | range of voice as well as an unabridged voit must be remembered, a dozen farm fairly glistens with layer upon layer of horses had to be managed without touch of rein. Having ceremoniously mounted the circular platform in the center, our threshing machine man began with a succession of soft whistles and gentle croaks like the tant sighing of the wind. Gradually his tones grew louder and more insistent, while nothing else seemed to touch the hearts of | the huge blacksnake whip writhed and circled slowly aloft. Presently the whip softly swore at them. There was such a cracked lightly and some of the horses belast feeble expletives that strong men faster, the voice seemed to swell into a clasped hands over his mangled form and | mighty chorus until, at last, the horses were fairly started upon their toilsome journey and the thresher began to hum a winged serpent. At length, some one sigice it would be next to impossible. But our business. Slowly, in gentle gradations, his voice grew mild, grew faint until you could the dving breeze. Then, after a pause, came a series of tranquilizing "whoas" and the premptly fell asleep in his tracks.

When the day of the steam thresher, with its traction engine, came, our threshing machine man procured a modern outfit. It was a wonderful machine, painted a brillfant piano. Upon its side was a life-sized portraft of a featherless, half-starved chicken. purporting to have lived in a straw stack. began long before the steam thresher came | threshed the grain out clean. The engine nto vogue. For several years he officiated | was simply a monster and created fear in as driver of the horse-power, a complicated every breast. The threshing machine man arrangement of cogs and beams by which himself stood in awe of it at first, and, for five or six teams moving in a circle were a week after it started, never-cracked a made to supply the necessary motive force. I joke. The shrill whistle and harsh puffing

much of the melody and poetry of threshing was lost. And not only the poetry, but ained a cheerful front. A mortgage was put upon the machine and presently another upon his little farm. One might put matches fail to ignite, but a mortgage, chine man's farm slipped away from him dwell upon his sufferings; he did not dwell upon them, but was jolly to the last. One do with the sheriff and the painted rooster

power. Essentially, it consisted of a number of hooked knives upon revolving cylinders. When in motion these cylinders looked like perfectly smooth polished steel. the knives and attempted to remove a stray mangled, but they got him out alive. But it was a pity he was not killed at once. they said, when they saw how he suffered. E. O. LAUGHLIN.

AN URBAN CHARACTER.

The Soap-Grease Man Cares for No- half million of dollars. body and Nobody Cares for Him.

There greets your ears a rumbling roar. occasion in jolting over the rough paveover the cobblestones all day long without attracting any especial attention, but something that is distinctly heard above the wagon's din prompts you to turn attention. And then it is you hear again, more distrills and curves, plainly distinguished flies buzzes up from the wagonbed, as a foul stench pervades the surrounding atmosphere. While the driver fastens the lines. and jumps actively to the walk, you notice two things-his pleasant, self-satisfied apcabulary of adjectives and expletives; for, is attired in a suit of jeans cloth which grease. He vanishes behind the slamming screen door of the butcher shop and soon appears again, carrying a huge tub filled with fat and refuse matter from the butcher's counter. The tub is soon emptied into opening carol of an early robin, or the dis- the capacious bed of the wagon, which act once more disturbs the flies and also that penetrating stench. Up to the wagon-seat our jeans-clad driver climbs, while the flies only a beginning of the total expenses due contentedly settle back into the wagon. A cheery "gee-up" starts the rumbling vegan to stir. The whip moved faster and | hicle and again causes the industrious flies to swarm aloft in clouds. As the rumbling increases with the speed of the wagon, and divers "extras." Some, indeed, will get was renominated at the national convention the flies settle back to their oft-interrupted work, once again you hear the driver's dreamy, weird, yet cheery whistling sounding clear and shrill above his wagon's roar. Entirely oblivious of tormenting flies, the horrible stench, or the jolting and rumbles. he continues his whistling, that now rises in the scale, now sinks lower and rises again. The butcher will tell you that this whistling, self-contented personage is only it includes much, does not take in such ex- Hurrah, 'so loudly and kept it up so long the soap-grease man on his weekly coffeetion trips. And then the butcher will lean familiarly over his white marble-topped counter and add, in a sort of a confidential tone, "and they say he has piled up a fortune in spite of his ceaseless whistling, his filthy wage, and its flies and stench." Like the proverbial miller of the Dee he. apparently, enjoys melody, and, judging from the discouraging odor ever present with him and his wagon, surely nobody envies him. Away they go down the avenue. flies, stench, wagon and all, yet always the driver's dreamy, uncanny whistling heralding his approach.

Just to Get a Rest.

ere are you going?" to Wisconsin on my wheel. I have a lace in mind that I can reach Wednesday ight by hard riding, if I leave Sunday orning, and by starting back again CONVENTIONS

VOLVES AN ENORMOUS OUTLAY.

Experienced Men Estimate that the St. Louis Meeting Will Call for Something Like \$4,000,000.

minded Americans have gathered themselves together. Much of this talk is reminiscent, and there is reason to believe that if all the lately told stories of thrilling convention scenes were written out and put in book form, the volumes would exceed in | 262 feet high, or within twenty feet of being number those of the famous Alexandrian library. Still more of the current talk is of the mathematical variety; and, naturally, this is not unmixed with prophecy. Perhaps this week some of the mathematical prophets will declare they have never studied arithmetic and that predictions are only vanity, but the story tellers will have of St. Louis, not to speak of men who sell more material than ever, since another national convention will then have passed into history. If the mathematical prophets who find themselves mistaken in their predictions and their figures want employment of a congenial nature, they may find it in making figures on the cost of such a great political gathering. Assuredly they will find these figures surprising.

student of conventions for the past six- ue in later political life. Undoubtedly this teen years. Mr. Wakeman thought the total supposition is a correct one, but it is no cost would not be much less than a million on record that any man who has been serdollars. Later, Col. Harry Swords, who, for geant-at-arms of one national convention the national committee, and who surely of tribulation, and the trouble begins ought to be able to make a reasonably ac- months before the date of the big gathercurate jotting up of the expenses of a con- | ing. vention, was asked for an estimate.

"First of all," said the Colonel, "should be counted the 'straight' expenses of the convention, which will be borne by the Citiens' League of St. Louis. These expenses have sometimes been as low as \$50,000, but they amounted to about \$150,000 at Minneapolis, in 1892, and will be little, if any, beow that figure at St. Louis. The cost of he hall alone will be not far from \$75,000. Other bills to be footed by the Citizens' League will include the expenses of the sergeant-at-arms of the convention, various printing accounts, the cleaning of the hall each night, its lighting in the evening, fees for police and fire protection, big postage bills, and a thousand other things. The expenses of the sergeant-at-arms alone will an estimate. He has been in St. Louis some when placed upon a weak little farm, never | ers busy every day and far into the night. They occupy an entire suite of rooms in one of the big hotels and the ck of their machines can be heard all over the house. But | though the number of assistants is large, the \$150,000 to be expended by the Citito the money that will be expended during the convention week by the delegates and

> "There will be nearly a thousand delegates and as many alternates," the Colonel continued. "Including the personal following of delegates and alternates, there at least two thousand men this week who will be directly interested. Add the assistant sergeants-atarms, the doorkeepers and messengers, in all about a thousand, and the newspaper correspondents and reporters, and the total will be at least three thousand. Now, if | tickets issued by the national committee small average-the total will be \$300,000, If you add to this the expenses that will be borne by the telegraph companies and the big press associations in getting ready to spread the news, the total expenses of the Citizens' League and those directly interested will not be a cent less than a round

A HUNDRED THOUSAND VISITORS. ment. Farm wagons, heavy drays and alternates and attendants at a national who are always present in a convention city | national conventions have recently been during the holding of its sessions. It is expected that, everybody included, 100,000 strangers will go to St. Louis this week. and remain there till the convention ad- day or two have not lately been heard. One tinct than before, a shrill and weird whist- journs. Do you think 100,000 a large estiling running on in an endless strain of soft | mate? Why, one party of five hundred is | this morning by the Hon. Thomas L. going from New York alone, and from Mis- James, ex-Postmaster-general. It was the above the rattling of the wagon. The fat, souri, Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky, Tennessee, sleek horses draw the mud-bespattered Kansas, Nebraska and other States nearby wagon near the curb. A gruff spoken to St. Louis there will be myriads almost. "whoa!" halts them simultaneously as the It is because of the money such a vast whistling ceases. A cloud-liky swarm of crowd of visitors will leave in town that the Citizens' League can afford to put up so handsomely to get the convention. Just how | bolted from the Baltimore convention that much the visitors will spend it would be impossible to estimate, but the amount that at the polls. Samuel Young presided and will go for railroad tickets alone will break | the convention was held in a Methodist pearing countenance, and the fact that he | the back of three-quarters of a million dollars, and will probably exceed that big sum. James W. Nye, afterward United States If each delegate were to spend \$8 in fareand that is a low average, the total would lion already accounted for, foots up \$1,300,-000. Don't ask me to make any more estimates," the speaker concluded, "for the fig- ter; Preston W. King, B. F. Butler-not the ures might pass belief."

If the reader will continue the line of figuring above laid down, he will find that to the convention will be met by the \$1,300 -000. It will be hard for those who go to St. Louis this week to average a less expendialong with less, but many will spend a amount to \$300,000, and if the convention were to last a full week the total for mainthousand more than two millions of dollars. would be \$3,400,000. But even this, although | shouted, 'Hur-hic-hurrah-hic-foreverpenses as will be incurred at the different on. Perhaps another hundred thou-

to three and a half millions-a very pretty total, indeed. This is not all, however, for neither the expense of sending the news pers in the various States, which must be a very great sum, nor the cost of the thou--a smaller, but still a considerable sum- | danger of dethronement. has been counted in. It is not easy to estiing too far, perhaps, to assume that all the expenditures due to the convention will use up almost four millions of dollars. Four ex-

built for \$4,000,000. It is hardly necessary to call the atter tion of anyone to the fact that the most exciting scenes of the St. Louis convention will occur when the currency que nes up, but a rather in on of the magnitude of le

national convention is suggested thereby. of all who attended was Francis P. Blair, If the \$4,000,000 were to be paid out in dollar of Missouri, who had gone to Utica to bills and these bills were to be made into | make a report on the Baltimore convention. a carpet, it would be one thousand feet He had not yet won a national reputation, long and 650 feet wide, covering an area of but he prepossessed us all, his address beabout fifteen acres, and the Capitol at ing one of the sensations of the hour. He Washington, if placed in the middle of the began it with a declaration that 'The fires carpet, would appear like a toy house set of freedom burned bright in old Missouri," on a big rug. Four million dollars in gold and his words were greeted with the wildpiled in a pyramid four feet each way at the base would be five feet high. Four million silver dollars would make a pyramid ten feet square at the base and fifteen feet high. The cigars to be smoked by the 100,-000 who will go to St. Louis (allowing five cigars a day, which is not too many, for each man, there would be three and a half millions of them), would make a pile of seventy thousand boxes of fifty cigars each, and this pile would be about two and a half miles high. Arranged in a tier of five boxes, side by side, the pile would be about as high as the cap on the liberty statue that stands on the top of the Capitol's dome. Placed end to end, 3,500,000 cigars would reach 248 miles-almost as far as from St. Louis to Chicago. At an average of 81-3 cents (three for a quarter) these cigars would cost \$291,666. The cigar dealers certain other creature comforts, ought to be thankful their city has been chosen.

THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS. Of course there is an immense amount of work involved in holding a national convention, and most of the hardest of it falls upon the sergeant-at-arms. The office is one that is almost always largely sought for, since, although it carries no direct money compensation, the incumbent is sup posed to be able to make an enormous personal acquaintance, sure to be of great val-

To do the executive work of the office

simply is no easy job, as the sergeant-atadmission tickets, the providing of the badges, the arranging of the programme and a thousand and one things that need not be mentioned in detail. But all these things sink into insignificance compared with the worry that comes from the fact that the tickets must be assigned as well as provided. A great deal of space for spectators, in addition to that reserved for the delegates, is always provided at a national convention, but the demand always outruns the supply, and the sergeant-at-arms is dead sure to make enemies as well as friends in the dispensing of his favors There is trouble also in the appointing of his assistants. These men get no pay, and are obliged to work hard in seating and otherwise providing for the comfort of the delegates and spectators at each session of the convention; but by reason of such free service they are enabled to be present at the convention as "insiders," where they can become known to a large number of there are always many more applicants than there are places, and a large proportion of those who apply and fall are ever afterwards at swords' points with the mar who could not find places for all. Still, most sergeants-at-arms get through their service without suffering anything worse than worry of mind and weariness of flesh. It is recorded that one of them, however, who was suspected of issuing admission tickets to men who agreed to yell for his favorite candidate, was hardly used by a nationa date of his own. The sergeant-at-arms was of his own faith, but also of dishonoring man in question. At a meeting of one of the subcommittees of the convention th matter was talked out, and the sergeant at-arms, who was present, said that the accusations made against him were lies At this the committeeman, who had made the charges, fathered them. More than that, he defended them with his umbrella which he wrecked, at the same time spoil offending officer. The committeeman was arrested the next day, but he was never fined or imprisoned. Mr. T. E. Byrnes, o Minneapolis, the present incumbent of the place, has no fear of a similar experience.

A CONVENTION REMINISCENCE. printed that the reminiscences of most oldtimers would hardly be in place her. Yet some of the stories related within the last of the most interesting, perhaps, was fold story of the Democratic convention that nominated Martin Van Buren in 1848. He had already served as President, but was defeated that year. It was not a national convention, but a convention of New York State "Free Soil" Democrats who had nominated Lewis Cass, only to be defeated church in Utica. Among those present were Senator from Nevada; James R. Doolittle later United States Senator from Wisconbe \$800,000, and this added to the half mil- | sin; Samuel J. Tilden, John Van Buren-"Prince John"-son of Martin Van Buren; J. M. Francis, afterward a foreign minis-General, but Attorney-general under Jackson and Van Buren-and others who after-

wards rose to great prominence. "It was my first convention," said Gen. James in telling the story, "and I was greatly impressed by it. We did not expect that the nominee would win, nor did heture than three dollars a day for keep and | indeed, he did not carry a single State. He held in Buffalo later the same year, and good deal more. At three dollars a day for the defection caused by his running deeach man, the daily sum expended would feated Cass and elected Zachary Taylor, the Whig candidate. When he had nomi nated Van Buren, Mr. Tilden propose tenance would be brought up to a hundred | three cheers, which were given with a will They awoke a drunken man who had been while the grand total so far accounted for | sleeping in the gallery and he got up and that he had to be put out. 'Prince' John State headquarters, the cost of music at the | Van Buren was at his best at that time and various candidates' headquarters, and so the next day he made a speech that I shall never forget. He was one of the handsomest men I ever saw, he had a clear, ringing voice, and his speeches always aroused the wildest enthusiasm. He made his stronges point in answer to some one who threw sneering question at him. To understand this point you must recall the fact that 1848 was a revolutionary year in Europe, Cass had written eulogistically of Louis Philsands of private telegrams that will be sent | tope of France, who was then in great

"This is a year of battle," the speaker mate either of these sums, but it is not go- | declared, 'and the spirit of liberty is abroad. Louis Philippe was kept upon a tottering throne with the aid of 100,000 bayonets, and here in free America we have no edingly formidable war ships could be use for eulogists and apologists of su monarch.

"That Utica convention," concluded Ger James, "held in a Methodist church, was the beginning of the split among Nort Democrats over slavery, and nearly all si men who were present afterware homestves felt. One of the most in

est enthusiasm." THE DIGNITY OF CONKLING. Naturally, wherever reminiscences of previous national conventions are in order, a great deal is said about Conkling, and Garfield, and Blaine, and Grant. Over and over again is threshed old straw about Conkling's speech, beginning:

"If you ask where he hails from, Our sole reply shall be That he came from Appomattox, And its famous apple tree,"

when he nominated Grant only to see him defeated in spite of the faithful "306." Opinions pro and con are expressed as to the truth of the story that when Garfield had finished his famous speech in nomination of Sherman, Conkling sent the to-be candidate a sarcastic note. Men detail for the hundredth time, perhaps, the story of how McKinley declined the nomination in one of the most famous short speeches of the age in 1888, and others recall various occasions of wild enthusiasm such as that evoked by Mrs. Carson Lake and her umbrella when Blaine's name was mentioned in 1892 at Minneapolis. But of all these things the public is well informed. In talking with some friends a day or two ago, Mr. W. F. Wakeman, already mentioned in this article, related an incident which took place at the last convention Conkling ever attended, but which is probably not remembered by many of my readers. There had been many ballots without a nomination, and Senator Conger, of Michigan, suggested a private night conference, at his rooms, to consider what ought to be done. Conkling was among those present, and before the proposed that his name should be sprung upon the convention the next day. "At this," said Mr. Wakeman, in telling

the story, "Senator Conkling arose, His face was white, but his eyes burned with intense fire. He seemd ten feet tall as he stood there, silent for a moment. Then he said, in a low, but wonderfully distinct

"'I came here to-night to meet friends and gentlemen. I am surprised at the insulting proposition that has been made. It should be clearly understood that Roscoe Conkling does not violate his pledges. Gentlemen, I wish you a very good evening.' "With that Mr. Conkling left the room and went out alone into the night.'

THE ISRAEL PUTNAM FARM

The Home of the Revolutionary Gen-

eral Going to Decay. As the anniversary of the battle of Bunk that time is being recited, we hear none o more enrapturing interest than which tell of the daring and bravery of General Israel Putnam. The farm owned is the first point of interest to the visitor in the village of Pomfret, Conn. which is about four miles from the farm Putnam left but little heritage to his scendants save his good name and example. His young manhood was spent among these hills and rocks, every branch of farming receiving his attention. the time the French war opened he was able to leave his family in a comfortable home well provided for. Putnam received very little education, and was entirely a "self-made man." Many anecdotes are related of his energy and perseverance, his brilliant achievements in the French and revolutionary battlefields

of adventure we eagerly wend our way over the hills and through the valleys which cradle the Quinnebaug river of many falls, through forests of dense green and sighing pine, to stand on the spot where Putnam was plowing on the morning April 20, 1775, and received the news of the collision of the British and the provincials of Boston the day previous. Leaving his plow and oxen in his son's care he hartened to take his place at the head of the rellitia. high hill between the villages of Porrfret and Brooklyn. It is nearly all fertile soil. not well cultivated. The first house he cupied at that notable time (1775)

where he lived through a happy old age

and where he died. In this house great

men have met to be entertained by Pni-

After listening to these thrilling accounts

nam, none being a more familiar quest than Washington. Whatever might have been cheeting in the place those days is surely not present now, for a more uninviting abode cannot be imagined than the old Putnam residence. Indeed, the whole farm presents anything but a thrifty, well-kept appearance, and a shame it is. Quite different is it from the appearance of the home of his friend at Mount Vernon. Probably some faithful band of women will undertake to restore the beauty of the place, as they did some years ago the home of Washington. It could easily be made a most attractive spot, for it overlooks some of the most enchanting scenery in New England. The present owner of the farm seems to care little about preserving the buildings from decay, and no one else is

One must never quit the place without a visit to "Wolf's Den," the place where Putnam in a single hour achieved greatness and fame for which many toll a lifetime. School boys for a century have been familiar with the story of the capture of the she wolf at this place by Putnam. whose flocks she had been feasting upon universe. The consecration of service in most sumptuously. For years she had been committing her ravages among the flocks of the whole country side. In vain life it may be for others, adding somewere traps set and hunting parties sent | thing to what supplies their need, this is through the forests. Rarely was she seen. and she always escaped. At last they tracked her to this den in the tack on the in all life that is in all growth and change hillside. But no one would venture in after her. The dogs refused to go, the negro refused, but they at last sent for Putnam. whose daring was well known, although only twenty-five. Putnam came, and, with a rope tied to his ankle and carrying a torch and gun, crawled into the den, saw the wolf, shot her and came forth triumph-

relic hunters had almost demolished the marble slab which marked his grave. In 1898 the bronze equestrian monument was erected in the village of Brooklyn, and his remains were removed and placed under the pedestal. A. O. M. Woodstock, Conn.

Couldn't Aim Well Enough.

erfoot-What did they hang him for old he kill anybody?

A Double Surprise.

A PLAIN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION. "IS RELIGION OF ANY USE?"

Rev. John M. Scott, of Ithaca, N. Y., Contends that It Possesses Great Value for the Average Man.

If we live in the spirit let us also walk in the spirit .- Gal. v. 25.

Of no use, say some; of little use, say others; of the greatest use, say others, who are its devotees. Amid contending opinions the one extreme saying that religion is nothing, the other saying that it is everything, let us suggest something about'its reality and usefulness for the average man, the man whom Lincoln called the common people, saying God must think very highly of such because he has made so many of them.

There is religion in man's nature, just as there is music in it, and art, and science, and invention, and humanity, and these countless talents that develop into our varied lives, into our activities, by which we live and through which we make the world richer by our services. What is within us, as a very part of our natures, will seek to nourish itself and express itself. So grow all these things in forest and in field. Every seed becomes its flower or tree, because what is within seeks nourishment and expression. We are not complete, cannot passion after perfection, except as we seek to let what is within us of nobleness and joy have nourishment and expression, even as a field cannot complete itself in harvests except it is nourished into its own expression.

To say that religion is of no use is t but only that partial man which interests us most, the man that grubs, the man that trades, the man that invents, It is like having some gross idea of utility, and banning music and art, and the countless things of refinement which go into the furnishing of the complete man, into the living of the complete life. If the idea of completeness is an idea of utility, then is religion, its nourishment and expression, a part of that utility. Just as we need that touch toward our perfecting, which is in a which our hearts stir, a poem to which that uplift and outlook toward moral one infinitely holy and infinitely lovat the thought of our relationship to one another; that joy of a soul in service, that passioning of the soul after the perfect. To answer all that life and longing which we call religion, to devote ourselves to the living of such a life as the ideals of religion approve, this is a great self-need; the in any grandeur beyond the life of beasts glory of love's sunlight.

Some one has defined religion as "morality touched with emotion," and this is universe, with God, touched with emotion what we do unsanctified by the passion for perfection. In the heart of what thinker gives us great thoughts or inventions or great art or great statesmanship, there is great emotion, as great as the things with which he enriches the world-greater, in fact, as a creator is always greater than the creation. Indeed, in the stirring of his heart was born the idea his patient thinking has wrought out unto this service wherewith the work of his hands is serving. All the more emotion is it, that is may be subdued and trained, not wildly wasting itself in idling ecstacy, but di-

The beloved physician of Edinburg said of the doctors, that pity with them had ceased as an emotion and become a motive. So any one who is working a righteousness, while his heart glows in the work, is built is not standing, but the spot where it in a religious mood, is realizing the blessing stood is pointed out. There is the first of religion. He may be at work on metals, at love with his work and that work is perfecting and service, yet he is ennobled in the spirit of religion. He is to worship, although he may not call it so; not so recognizing it, he does not give his soul that uplift which belongs to its mood, an uplift that touches the infinite heart and mind at its work, working even within such worker to will and to do of his own good pleasure, to accomplish that caretaking of all which we sometimes call the divine providence.

So any righteousness that serves, the daily toil, the citizen's aspirations and duties, the father and mother laye making the home, all this daily round, touched with noble emotion, hallowed in noble motives, is religion, and has unsuspected wings on which to lift and choir at heaven's gate, praising for the reality and joy of being a working part of the divine providence, a working part of God's creating worlds and men, evolving out of the deeps of His loving wisdom a human race, a working part of that perpetual sustenance which is perpetual creation.

Creative joy is religion. It is fellowship with the one creative life at the tasks of the universe and man. The passion for perfection is just a passion for holiness. and somehow meets and mates the passion for perfection with which God is at work upon His problems of man and the what we do, doing it for the joy and praise of others, doing it for what enlargement of religion; and it becomes at fellowship with the everlasting creative spirit at service and becoming of the world and of man. The love of others is religion; the delight we have in those nearest and dearest to us; the hallowedness of friendship; the thrill of admiration with which certain noble men and their lives take us-all this enlarging of our heart towards our fellows, making unselfish, making us forget ourselves in service, in all these incomings of others in service to us, there is shown a religious need and reality.

All this, lifted into a lofty mood, transfigures more and more in an unselfish purpose, makes of the very essence of prayer and praise and the service of God, gives some reality of communion with the one loving life service in which we live and move, and realizes the sanction of religion to our whole life, religion's touch of ethical righteousness on whatever we do, religion's passion for services in all our diligences, religion's gain of unselfishness in all the ways of our lives, and so religion's ecstacies, pouring out rapture like thrush in the morning, or just in a quiet peace like sheep in their green pastures, content beside their still waters.

Just that uplift of thought and mind and heart by which we realise that so we and our lives are a part of God's love, an increase of Hip doubless life in the midst of